

Off With Their Heads

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Manned flowers intense tremble across vivid stones from a far a
way land
So distant that the coffee stains on my shirt turned into brown
, brown ladybugs
And wandered all over my body 'til heavy water became black and
translucent and
Tales from unknown rabbits, were the only thing you can see
And they jumped across like small, small town politicians tryin
g to get their word across without using any social media or an
ything
Just paper, and paper, and paper and, and water

Off with their heads
Off with their heads

Days like this ended in a flash in a deadly regime
And eternal fires where the fingers and workers in the coal fac
tories and the milk factories and the
And the butter factories, and the morning paper factories
And the morning paper was only an iPhone the same size as a tra
in
And there weren't any trains anymore, people had to actually wa
lk around
And segways had been abolished, just like slavery
And it kept on going for like this, ever and ever, nothing was
ever a choice anymore
You had information all over you, and this was the only thing y
ou can see

Off with their heads
Off with their heads (Come on now)
Off with their heads (Cut 'em off)
Off with their heads
Off with their heads
Off with their heads (Come on now)
Off with their heads (Cut 'em off)
Off with their heads

And even George Orwell couldn't have foreseen this
There was nothing we could do anything about, there was just a
world that we lived in and
We all convinced ourselves that we were artists, this was just

a part of the big one
But there was no big one